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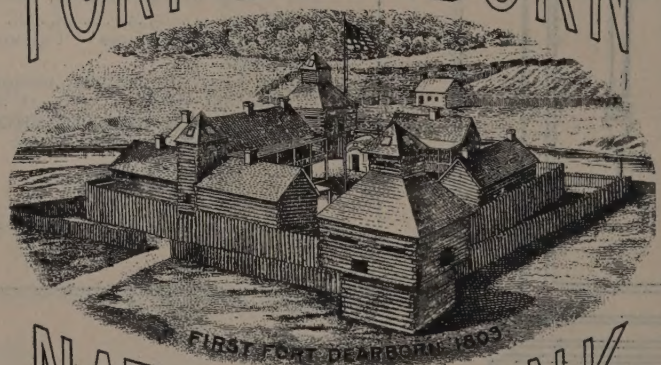

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1906 NUMBER 15

The great workers of this world do what they do in the joy of service, and not for the dollars that return from the service, and to make any service great, whether it be painting a masterpiece or building a barn, it is first needful to take away the thought of money from it, and find in it the joy of serving. Service is the coin in which humanity's greatest debts are paid.
—*William Allen White.*

Dr. Hirsch in the *Reform Advocate* sounds a needed note in these days of materialistic charity when he says:

"Undoubtedly crippled bodies do appeal to our sympathies, and orphan children are welcome to a share of our revenue; but what about mutilated souls and warped minds—are they given audience when they plead for encouragement and help?

Surely, "philanthropy should connote the contents of religion."

An appeal to guns on the part of any government in these days is a confession of weakness, but the government is indeed threatened whose defenses are in war-ships and fortresses. All this military background to the lamentable race question, whether it be with the Japs in California or the colored man in Florida, is harking back to barbaric times. The sword is no longer the arbiter of justice, and let those who advocate the service of the Prince of Peace seize the auspicious season of Christmas as an opportune time to enforce this truth.

One of the most perplexing if not depressing magazine articles of the month is that by Richard H. Edmunds, editor of the *Manufacturers' Record,* in the *Review of Reviews,* entitled "The Most Prosperous Period of Our History." The figures and symbols are simply beyond comprehension; few men can think in ten and twelve figures, and it is useless to reproduce such. It is unsafe, consequently, to try to draw conclusions from the same. But even a superficial glance at the figures reveals the fact that while the total bank deposits of all kinds in the country have nearly tripled since 1890, the number of depositors in savings banks have not been doubled. He who is elated by these figures will do well to reflect upon the recent words of President Schurman, of Cornell, "The moral nature of man has not developed as rapidly as his economic and financial capacities."

The Universalists, according to the *Leader,* have organized a lectureship for the purpose of carrying their message to the towns in the West where there are no organized representatives of the same. President L. B. Fisher, of Lombard College, Rev. Mary Andrews, of Kansas City, and Dr. J. W. Caldwell have been invited to serve upon such lectureship and they are open for engagements. There is great possibility in the lecture platform if it can be redeemed, on the one hand, from the commercialism of the middle man, which is more often woman, who wants to make money out of the deliverances, and on the other hand, from the flippancy of the "funny" man, who has put amusement above instruction and elevated the power to make men laugh above the power of making men think; still better, of making them feel and do in the interest of high things and great truths.

We are glad to note the assurance given in the editorial colums of the *Congregationalist* that the movement towards a tri-church union of the United Brethren, Methodist Protestants and Congregationalists is neither dead nor dormant, but that the committees have been steadily at work and that the members thereof are growing clearer in their vision and intensifying their zeal. Of course the technical difficulties are many and the man who finds "legal impossibilities" is ever in evidence. But difficulties that are technical and obstacles that are simply legal have weighed little in the deliberate councils of the centuries. These "insurmountables" have been surmounted over and over again by the onward march of man; they have proven but trifles when assailed by the real "spirit of the age." These technical guns cannot be spiked nor captured, but they will be ignored.

It would be humorous if it were not so pathetic, to find all this controversy about the health of Mother Eddy. The publication committee of the Christian Science movement seems to be exceedingly sensitive to any reflection on the health or mental vigor of the great "mother." They are persistent in their efforts to disabuse any false impression. Why should not Mrs. Eddy grow old? Why should not an octogenarian be retired from public gaze and know the burden of senility? Why should she not in the fulness of time die? Pitiable indeed is the movement, the strength of which is dependent upon the thought of the immunity of its leader from the benignant ordination of Providence which has ordained death as well as birth and linked the coffin to the cradle! It is better that both the committee and the critics should move the previous question. Let Mother Eddy die. What is there in the contention of the Christian Scientist that will not die? The truth that is still de-

pendent upon a personality is never a very big truth and the world will never respect it very long.

What is "Style" in literature, and who are the arbiters of the same? These are questions for the foolish to discuss. Lowell long ago noticed that those who most discussed the question of "Style" and "Form" in literature were those who were least able to achieve the same. Literature is most menaced today perhaps by the smart editorial vivisector, whose weapon is a blue pencil and whose claim to skill, at least in his own estimation, is the power to slash and "cut down." There is no dogma more hurtful to literature than the editorial smart demand for brevity and the attendant confusion of variety and interest. If the editor only realized how many of his "shortened" paragraphs the reader skips as his eyes wander longingly over the pages of daily, weekly or monthly, in search of a deliberate study, a mature opinion, a rounded thought, he would have less confidence in his blue pencil. The man who has a thought and states the same in an effective way has mastered the problem of "Style." Brevity may be, but is not always, "the soul of wit," editors and Sunday congregations notwithstanding. The great preachers, to whom the pulpit has been a throne,—the Beechers, Channings, Parkers and Brookses,—were none of your twenty-minute sort. They who are charged with a message do not count their sheets before their sermon is written and stop when the last sheet is reached. If journalists are to serve and not sacrifice literature, they must become something other than vivisectors of other people's living tissue.

"Society" has again broken out in a brilliant "charity affair" in Chicago. It was "The Streets of Paris" this time. All the élite were there and there was much doing. The "Leaders" of the "Four Hundred" had their pictures in the daily papers in all kinds of fantastic dress. There were big raffles, pretty women selling all kinds of things, including cigars, cigarettes and liquors, the latter, it is said, under thin disguise to evade the police regulations and city ordinances. These poor people, to whom life grows blasé so easily, have a right to be amused and to seek amusement in their own way; their humanitarian impulses should be respected. But the traffic that is illicit in a Clark street saloon cannot be made legal in the Coliseum on Wabash avenue. If gambling and violation of license laws is bad in one place it is bad in another, and the laws of economy, the principles of honest trade, which obtain on State street should obtain in a charity bazaar. Thirty-five thousand dollars or more were realized for a hospital, but in order to get this money for the hospital another thirty-five and probably many more thousands were expended in the procuring of them,—a transaction which does not reflect much credit upon feminine financiering. Some day a better way will be found out, a higher standard will be established. As one of the premature ripe fruits of this kind of dissipation, the morning paper tells us that one of the well known leaders of society had to be hurried home before the affair was over, having been overtaken with a chill, and is now threatened with pneumonia. She is reported as wearing "a gown cut low about the shoulders, with bare arms," and that her booth was swept by every breeze blown in at the entrance. Hence the illness.

The "Turmoil" of the Chicago School Board, of which we have spoken with regret, threatens to become a municipal turmoil, all from the "malady of the tongue." Mayor Dunne never was found in a bigger mistake than when he suggests that the matter be "threshed out in public debate?" It is the last place where an executive problem, which can be decided only by experimentation, and that by the hands of experts, can be settled. It was more than a technical mistake; it was an educational blunder that the Merchants' Club committed last Sunday night when it invited the School Board to listen to an arraignment of its recent action in passing the so-called "Post-amendment" to the rules, which materially reduce the power of the city superintendent, eliminates all promotional examination, and makes advance in wages automatic, dependent only upon time service. As our readers have already been apprised, we are essentially in accord with the position of President Butler, who made the disturbing address before the Merchants' Club, but we thoroughly deplore the publicity given to the agitation and the implications of bad motives on either side. We believe that the venom developed in the hearts of many school teachers utterly incapacitates them for high service in the school room. The teacher, the preacher and the physician can hardly defend their "rights" from the inside. When genial, loving, trusting relations are hopelessly marred, then the rights of the children, of the parish and of the patient, as case may be, as well as the demands of courtesy, would seem to call for withdrawal. The conditions of a liberal profession are not those of a craftsman. Let the new order be tried by a patient public and let school teaching be pursued with the grace and the enthusiasm indispensable to a teacher. When this is not possible, there should be vacancies, not forced, but voluntary, created on both sides. The spirit of the labor union is mischievous in the school room, and the partisanship that submits a complex technical problem to a debating club is altogether deplorable.

"The Christmas Spirit"

This is a familiar phrase in these days. It is a phrase which, if closely analyzed, probably means the spirit of giving, of hilarity; the spirit of merry-making, of joyful self-forgetfulness. Surely this is a beautiful spirit and one which will indeed make delightful the annual festival.

But is there not a false chord in the Christmas carol that fails to touch the gentle emotions, the sweet pathos of life? There is an element of meditation that belongs to the high experiences of the soul and that characterizes the great masters of the spirit.

We borrow this week the pen of the gentle Robert Louis Stevenson to write for us our Christmas sermon. It is a sermon that has already become a classic in English literature. Judged from the standard of literature, it is a masterpiece. But, however beautiful the sentences or lofty the sentiment, the life of the author is a more eloquent Christmas sermon than anything he could write. The last six years of his life were lived in exile in the solitudes of a South Sea island, a confirmed invalid, facing his inevitable fate with a buoyant spirit, a tender heart. Of all the words that present themselves to the mind, "gentleness" seems to be the most characteristic. He was a humorist, but there was no sting in his humor; he was a moralist, but there was no sarcasm in his denunciation of wrong; he was a reformer, a forward-looker, but there was patience in his quest.

These are the qualities that should enter into the "Christmas spirit," which are too often crowded out by the boisterous hilarity of Santa Claus and the breathless eagerness, the feverish anxiety of Christmas shopping.

Science Sunday School

For some years past there has been a growing uneasiness with the sunday school, as inherited. Efforts to reform, and in some cases to revolutionize the school, have proved to be more or less a failure. Untrained teachers can hardly be expected, by spontaneous and impromptu efforts, to give such intellectual and moral training as is necessary to demit parents from their works and cause a general turning over of all the children of the country to their casual attention for a single hour. This is not to say that many teachers are not conscientious, and by their lives and professional work well prepared for the Sunday school work. It remains, however, to be considered, and we cannot escape the just consideration of the fact that the Sunday school was intended only for poor chilrden and waifs; those who could have no valuable family training and instruction. The growth of this institution to take in all the children of the community, or of the churches, is excusable only when the instruction is fully up to the times.

In a recent number of the *Educational Review*, of New York, Mr. Wilbur F. Jackman urges that nature study is the true basis of Sunday school work; and this he illustrates by the fact that a very large part of the book, which is used for text, consists of a picturesque rehearsal of Nature questions; such as the Creation, Deluge, and the development of life and its distribution over the earth. While Darwinism has upset these old theories, it has only made it essential for us to teach Nature from another standpoint. Evolution is in conflict with creation only as a method. It leaves the same forces at work, both divine and human. It interprets Nature into life, physical fact into moral data, just as surely as the older theory which it displaces. Can we, then, readjust our teaching from old science to new science; from the older and antiquated interpretations of Nature to those interpretations given by modern investigation? If not, why not? Bear in mind that Mosaic theories were the natural science of the day. Can we reach the end which we have technically called "saving" the child by a blackboard presentation of scientific truths, or by biological instruction in the nature of plants and animals? This we are not advocating, with the God left out. We hold that the study of Nature is just where Agassiz placed it. When his Penikese pupils were inclined to levity, Agassiz said, "When I go to your church and listen to your teachers expounding the word of God, you insist that I shall be reverent; I insist also that you shall be reverent when, with me, you study the work of God." Is there any good reason why this reverent spirit shall not be carried over from the written Bible to the unwritten, and constitute the basis for intellectual investigation? So far as the child is concerned, we believe that there is nothing which will more interest him than the simple facts of Nature, simply taught, and in their corelation to human life. Is it not also the first point to be aimed at, to so instruct the child that he shall be intellectually absorbed in that which is good and true and pure, and in that way be drawn away from that which is false and wrong?

Mr. Jackman's exploitation of the subject rests upon the broad ground that our duty is to teach the child the story of man in Nature, and as a part of Nature; rather than the story of man, and the story of Nature as of two diverse if not antagonistic creations. We believe farther, that it is in this very discovery of his innate and natural responsibility to everything about him that the child finds his obligations of an ethical sort. He finds that he has inherited all that Nature has achieved through millions of years, and, as inheritor, he holds these faculties and relations in trust. He is, in other words, just as much created as if he were the handwork of Deity. There is the fundamental principle upon which our future ethical system must rest, that nothing happens through whim—neither by miracle nor by change of divine purpose—that everything in the realm of the physical world and in the field of human action occurs in a fixed and definite order. We are living in the reign of law, and nowhere else is it more important that this should be recognized, than in the moral training of our young people.

Up to the present, however, the people have been trained to recognize only the unchangeability of one law, that of gravitation. The very community which would refuse to pray that bricks might fall upward does not hesitate to pray for rain. Dr. Jackman holds

that it would be vastly more conducive to a sound faith, as well as fine religious emotions, to realize that all the affairs of the universe, both those of Nature and of men, are subject to a beneficent and unchanging moral order, and that to suppose these subject to caprice, either of a mundane or celestial sort, is essentially unethical. Teach the child a knowledge of Nature, and he will inevitably come to an apprehension of law, both within himself and around himself. He will be steadily preparing to apprehend the great law of compensation, which is the key to all doctrines appertaining to right and wrong, reward and punishment, heaven and hell—a doctrine, or law, that is so sweeping in its nature that it covers all life and all worlds. He would equally be prepared, by his intimacy with Nature, to understand the law of love as an essentially scientific law. Love underlies, in very truth, all the physical facts of the universe. That is not religion which falsely interprets Nature as something alien to God, and a revolt from his purpose and will.

Let us, however, go slowly, and let us not be willing to get out of pace with Jesus, our greatest religious teacher. Nothing can be more apparent, in a review of the teachings of Christ, than his intimacy with natural law, and his keen insight into the corelation between the principles of physical nature and moral law. He was not busy teaching his personal notions or views, but in laying down great funadmental principles—laws of Nature. He found not only his text in the fields, but the underlying principles of his gospel. Religion cannot overlook the fact that we have recently come to a very decided enlargement of the word salvation. By that word we no longer mean saving a person from future misery, but making his present life rich, large, broad and full of workable tension—we even include those sanitary conditions which we have learned underlie the possible development of a moral power and clear thinking. Right out of this is growing a great social conviction, that is ripening into a social drift, to carry the crowded population of our cities into closer and freer union with Nature. This new conception of salvation abolishes the ascetic conception of morals and establishes the Christian ideal a keeper of his brother. The redeemer of the lost is a savior in this, that he is an inspiriting force that is gradually lifting humanity from its brutish conditions to diviner conceptions and universal love.

It seems not to be asking too much of our churches that the changes in the world of thought shall be fully recognized, and that their educational efforts shall harmonize with the most advanced work of our common schools. A science Sunday school is not, therefore, a misnomer, nor in any sense a perversion of the fundamental principle of a school for religious instruction. It aims to bring the pupils into close relationship with the works of God, confidently believing that no lesson can be there taught which shall conflict with the word of God. E. P. POWELL.

THE PULPIT

A Christmas Sermon*

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VALEDICTORY eloquence is rare, and deathbed sayings have not often hit the mark of the occasion. Charles Second, wit and sceptic, a man whose life had been one long lesson in human incredulity, an easy-going comrade, a manœuvring king—remembered and embodied all his wit and scepticism along with more than his usual good humor in the famous "I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying."

I.

An unconscionable time a-dying—there is the picture ("I am afraid, gentlemen,") of your life and of mine. The sands run out, and the hours are "numbered and imputed," and the days go by; and when the last of these finds us, we have been a long time dying, and what else? The very length is something, if we reach that hour of separation undishonored; and to have lived at all is doubtless (in the soldierly expression) to have served. There is a tale in Tacitus of how the veterans mutinied in the German wilderness; of how they mobbed Germanicus, clamoring to go home; and of how, seizing their general's hand, these old, warworn exiles passed his finger along their toothless gums. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum:* this was the most eloquent of the songs of Simeon. And when a man has lived to a fair age, he bears his marks of service. He may have never been remarked upon the breach at the head of the army; at least he shall have lost his teeth on the camp bread.

The idealism of serious people in this age of ours is of a noble character. It never seems to them that they have served enough; they have a fine impatience of their virtues. It were perhaps more modest to be singly thankful that we are no worse. It is not only our enemies, those desperate characters—it is we ourselves who know not what we do;—thence springs the glimmering hope that perhaps we do better than we think: that to scramble through this random business with hands reasonably clean, to have played the part of a man or woman with some reasonable fullness, to have often resisted the diabolic, and at the end to be still resisting it, is for the poor human soldier to have done right well. To ask to see some fruit of our endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward; and what we take to be contempt of self is only greed of hire.

And again if we require so much of ourselves, shall we not require much of others? If we do not genially judge our own deficiencies, is it not to be feared we shall be even stern to the trespasses of others? And he who (looking back upon his own life) can see no more than that he has been unconscionably long a-dying, will he not be tempted to think his neighbor unconscionably long of getting hanged? It is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all, think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin. We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality; *thou shalt* was ever his word, with which he superseded *thou shalt not*. To make our idea of morality center on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellowmen a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it; or we shall

* *i, e.,* in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine* (1888).

soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure. If we cannot drive it from our minds—one thing of two: either our creed is in the wrong and we must more indulgently remodel it; or else, if our morality be in the right, we are criminal lunatics and should place our persons in restraint. A mark of such unwholesomely divided minds is the passion for interference with others: the Fox without the Tail was of this breed, but had (if his biographer is to be trusted) a certain antique civility now out of date. A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered; but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer; let him become so then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion; in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others.

It may be argued again that dissatisfaction with our life's endeavor springs in some degree from dullness. We require higher tasks, because we do not recognize the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mold; we had rather set ourselves to something bold, arduous, and conclusive; we had rather found a schism or suppress a heresy, cut off a hand or mortify an appetite. But the task before us, which is to co-endure with our existence, is rather one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unraveled.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert: Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study; it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end or for the end of life: Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despairer.

II.

But Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the kingdom of heaven maim; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the Judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame were indelible if *we* should lose it. Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the Pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

A strange temptation attends upon man: to keep his eye on pleasures, even when he will not share in them; to aim all his morals against them. This very year a lady (singular iconoclast!) proclaimed a crusade against dolls; and the racy sermon against lust is a feature of the age. I venture to call such moralists insincere. At any excess or perversion of a natural appetite, their lyre sounds of itself with relishing denunciations; but for all displays of the truly diabolic—envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the back-biter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life—their standard is quite different. These are wrong, they will admit, yet somehow not so wrong; there is no zeal in their assault on them, no secret element of gusto warms up the sermon; it is for things not wrong in themselves that they reserve the choicest of their indignation. A man may naturally disclaim all moral kinship with the Reverend Mr. Zola or the hobgoblin old lady of the dolls; for these are gross and naked instances. And yet in each of us some similar element resides. The sight of a pleasure in which we cannot or else will not share moves us to a particular impatience. It may be because we are anxious, or because we are sad, or because we dislike noise and romping—being so refined, or because—being so philosophic—we have an overweighing sense of life's gravity: at least, as we go on in years, we are all tempted to frown upon our neighbor's pleasures. People are nowadays so fond of resisting temptations; here is one to be resisted. They are fond of self-denial; here is a propensity that cannot be too peremptorily denied. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

III.

Happiness and goodness, according to canting moralists, stand in the relation of effect and cause. There was never anything less proved or less probable: our happiness is never in our own hands; we inherit our constitution; we stand buffet among friends and enemies; we may be so built as to feel a sneer or an aspersion with unusual keenness, and so circumstanced as to be unusually exposed to them; we may have nerves very sensitive to pain, and be afflicted with a disease very painful. Virtue will not help us, and it is not meant to help us. It is not even its own reward, except for the self-centered and—I had almost said—the unamiable. No man can pacify his conscience; if quiet be what he want, he shall do better to let that organ perish for disuse. And to avoid the penalties of the law, and the minor *capitis diminutio* of social ostra-

cism, is an affair of wisdom—of cunning, if you will—and not of virtue.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others. And no doubt there comes in here a frequent clash of duties. How far is he to make his neighbor happy? How far must he respect that smiling face, so easy to cloud, so hard to brighten again? And how far, on the other side, is he bound to be his brother's keeper and the prophet of his own morality? How far must he resent evil? The difficulty is that we have little guidance; Christ's sayings on the point being hard to reconcile with each other, and (the most of them) hard to accept. But the truth of his teaching would seem to be this: in our own person and fortune, we should be ready to accept and to pardon all; it is *our* cheek we are to turn, *our* coat that we are to give away to the man who has taken *our cloak*. But when another's face is buffeted, perhaps a little of the lion will become us best. That we are to suffer others to be injured, and stand by, is not conceivable and surely not desirable. Revenge, says Bacon, is a kind of wild justice; its judgments at least are delivered by an insane judge; and in our own quarrel we can see nothing truly and do nothing wisely. But in the quarrel of our neighbor, let us be more bold. One person's happiness is as sacred as another's; when we cannot defend both, let us defend one with a stout heart. It is only in so far as we are doing this, that we have any right to interfere: the defense of B is our only ground of action against A. A has as good a right to go to the devil, as we to go to glory; and neither knows what he does.

The truth is that all these interventions and denunciations and militant mongerings of moral half-truths, though they be sometimes needful, though they are often enjoyable, do yet belong to an inferior grade of duties. Ill-temper and envy and revenge find here an arsenal of pious disguises; this is the playground of inverted lusts. With a little more patience and a little less temper, a gentler and wiser method might be found in almost every case; and the knot that we cut by some fine heady quarrel-scene in private life, or, in public affairs, by some denunciatory act against what we are pleased to call our neighbor's vices, might yet have been unwoven by the hand of sympathy.

IV.

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness;—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries, a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-bell when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:*—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!—but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his life-long blindness and life-long disappointment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure!

From a recent book of verse, where there is more than one such beautiful and manly poem, I take this memorial piece: it says better than I can, what I love to think; let it be our parting word.

"A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

"The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.'"*

Glory of Winter

What joy to face the sting of the air, to feel
The hard and hale and hearty buffeting air,
To meet the rush of the rollicking winds a-reel,
To call to the cold in his caves and fling him a dare

Shout loud to the spirit of snow and challenge him forth,
Beg of the sleet to bite and the frost be bold.
Hail to the winds of Winter, come down from the North!
Thrill body and nerve and brain with the sting of the cold!

Bathe all thy being deep in the stream of the storm,
And drink long drafts, lung-full, of its free-flung flood,
Till every vein is aglow and throbbing and warm,
Thrilled through and through with the health of the leaping blood.

So bathe thy soul in the joy of unyielding strife,
A bitter cordial to sweeten the taste of life.

—*Curtis Hidden Page in Appleton's Magazine.*

Ellen C. Sabin, President Milwaukee-Downer College:

The book of preëminent interest to me has been *Andrew D. White's Autobiography.* I like it for its style, so frank and personal; in tone clear, and elegant in diction; and for its subject matter containing so many discussions of educational questions; much of the history of a great university that was a leader in educational experiment; and also much of national interest. The enthusiasm for the highest in every direction that breathes on every page gave me the sense of coming into contact with a great personality.

* From *A Book of Verses* by William Ernest Henley. D. Nutt, 1888.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

APPENDIX.

STORIES OF SERVICE.

"The day's sharp strife is ended now,
Our work is done, God knoweth how."

"I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?"

We can hardly imagine a time when the soldiers and their friends—and who is not the friend of the gallant "boys in blue?"—will lose interest in the telling of the stories connected with Mother Bickerdyke's army work. If it be true that "all the world loves a lover," it is no less true that "all the world loves" and admires a woman who with a heroic devotion to duty confines the tenderness and love of a mother and is the embodiment of faithful, affectionate service where service is most needed.

In speaking of Mrs. Bickerdyke's work in the smallpox hospital, two miles down the river from Memphis, Mrs. Livermore says of her: "She was ready to arouse a moral earthquake, or let loose a small tornado of wrath whenever she discovered any cruelty or unkindness to the men, or any disorder or neglect, or uncleanness in the hospital or about the premises." Mrs. Hoge, in writing of her "Boys in Blue," recognizes the same heroic qualities. She speaks of the "hospitals rank with disease and death, foul with festering and unwashed wounds and unclean garments," places where "inexperienced surgeons stood aghast and felt almost powerless to cleanse and purify." She compares these hospitals to the great prairies of the West, where "ordinary methods" and machinery would fail, and the successful farmer falls back on the great prairie plow, drawn by half a score of oxen." She speaks of the times when only the thunderbolts can scatter the pestilence and says "the prairie plow and the thunderbolt were needed" in these hospitals as on the prairie, and they came in the person of Mother Bickerdyke. A pythoness if her precious "boys" were assailed; she was gentle and tender as a loving mother to every sick or wounded soldier. Woe to the man, no matter what his rank, who trampled on the rights of her 'boys in blue.' Faithful surgeons praised her and relied upon her skill, strength and tenderness. Those who were the reverse cursed her and clamored for her removal." Mrs. Hoge also tells of an Ohio colonel who boasted that Mother Bickerdyke "saved his life after a severe amputation and treated him as well as a private even after she was told he was an officer." "And a major general told me with glistening eyes she had saved his life at Corinth. He had a terrific congestive chill, was laboring for breath, unrelieved by medicine, when he sent for her (Mother Bickerdyke) as a last resort, knowing her unwillingness to leave the privates—the men who so much needed her service. 'General,' she said, 'you must have a bath.' 'A bath,' he gasped, 'that's impossible; there's no water within four miles.' 'Never you mind,' she said, 'I'll get it.' That was enough for the general, and he waited. In fifteen minutes she appeared with two soldiers carrying a huge tub of steaming water. 'Now, boys,' she said, 'strip the General, put him in the tub, cover him close with a blanket, and I will give him a drink.' Her orders were promptly obeyed. She gave him a glass of hot toddy, then had him rubbed with dry, warm cloths till circulation was restored, placed him in bed, surrounded with hot bricks, and 'Richard was himself again.'" In telling of this incident Mrs. Bickerdyke would add, with a laugh, "And he didn't know that I afterwards bathed sixteen tired, dirty, half-sick boys in the same water, adding a little fresh hot water each time, as all the water for the hospitals was hauled four miles. Though this was not hygienic, nor according to Mrs. Bickerdyke's ideas of the fitness of things, it was the best she could do under the circumstances—proof of how she would always "find a way or make one"—and surely better than no bath in the dire need. Mrs. Hoge says: "She seemed to be an individual mother to each man. We may think how deeply her heart was wrung with pity and sorrow and how, because of it, she would throw herself into the work of caring for those remaining with redoubled energy and freshly consecrated spirit and love." It is as an "individual mother" each soldier who was under her care thinks of her now. It is as such that he pictures her to his children, and he never wonders that they ask him, "Is she our grandma, too?"

Mrs. Livermore says her only purpose during those trying seasons was beautifully expressed in her own simple words: "I kept doing something all the time to make the men better and to help them get well." All who knew her recognized that hers was a sympathy and a love that must be expressed in action. To do "something to help" was not only a necessity to her, but it was her only relief when in the midst of such terrible suffering and carnage as she was obliged to witness. It was this ability to throw herself, her sympathies and her heart—her all—into her work and find relief thereby that sustained her and gave her strength and courage to stand to her post when others no less willing or tender but less fortunately, less fittingly, endowed, faltered and fell.

Mrs. Livermore in her "My Story of the War" tells us how "a mother kneeling by the cot of her son, who was scarcely seventeen years old, said: 'It is no wonder that you are called mother here, for you treat all these men with such kindness and patience. I owe to you the preservation of my darling's life. Oh, it would have broken my heart had I found him dead.' With that thought she burst into a passion of tears and buried her face in his pillow. He soothed her silver hair with one hand (he had lost the other) and tried to comfort her. Such scenes aroused feelings in the heart of Mother Bickerdyke for which she could find no expression save in work."

Continuing her story of this noble woman, Mrs. Livermore says: "One of her best known acts is an interference that earned for her the title of 'General.' It was at the time when the Confederates attempted to recapture Corinth and attacked the defenses on October 3, 1862. The hospital work was so well arranged, or organized, that it could be done very quickly, and Mrs. Bickerdyke found time to study the progress of the battle. Towards evening she saw a brigade hurrying forward and learned that they had marched since noon and were about to join in the struggle. The officer in command was requested to let them rest a few minutes, but refused. The men were passing the hospital when a strong voice cried 'Halt!' Instinctively they obeyed, and attendants began to distribute soup and coffee. Meanwhile their canteens were filled and each man received a loaf of bread. 'Forward! March!' came the order in a very few minutes, the time lost being more than compensated by the renewed courage of the men, who had no other chance to rest until midnight. Mrs. Bickerdyke had given the order to 'halt' herself when she found no one else would do it, and her

'interference' was deeply appreciated, for in spite of all efforts many died from hunger and cold during that battle.

"Though Mrs. Bickerdyke was always neat and cleanly in her dress, she was indifferent to its attractions, and amid the flying sparks from open fires her calico dress would often take fire and was often full of little holes. Someone asked her if she were not afraid of being burnt. 'Oh,' she replied, 'my boys put me out!' 'They are all the time putting me out,' she said afterwards, 'and a dozen of 'em were grabbing me whenever I was cooking by the log fire, for the fire would snap and my clothes would catch, but I couldn't tell where.'"

Mrs. Livermore tells us of an officer who said of Mother Bickerdyke: "That homely figure, clad in calico, drapped in a shawl and surmounted by the 'shaker bonnet,' is more to this army than the Madonna to a Catholic." We who have witnessed the homage paid her by the soldiers of the West can easily believe this. And not the soldier alone, but all with whom she came in contact felt the innate motherliness, the goodness and reliability of her character. So we do not wonder that Mrs. Livermore's Norwegian maid, Martha (during the war, when the Livermore home in Chicago was the headquarters for the nurses sent out by the Sanitary Commission), announced the coming of Mrs. Bickerdyke thus to her mistress, just returned from some errand downtown: "Another one of them nurse women have come with some carpet-bag," said Martha. "This one," she added, "have no afraid to do anything, and have make herself to take a bath, and have put herself to bed till supper time. She say she have very many hundred miles rode, and very many all shot-up soldiers to take care of, and she be got awful tired, and, poor woman, she look *seek* (sick). But she make me to think of my poor mother, what make herself to die in Norway with so much work too hard, before to this country I came. I like this nurse woman what have come more than the rest that stayed away." So surely did the great heart make itself felt by all. Of the stories Mrs. Livermore tells of Mother Bickerdyke none are more characteristic than the one of how she induced General Sherman to change an order he had issued "absolutely forbidding agents of sanitary supplies or agents of any description, to go over the road from Nashville to Chattanooga. He alleged as the reason for this prohibition that he wished the entire ability of the railroad devoted to strictly active military operations. Mrs. Bickerdyke (just returnning from a trip to the North, where, to use her own expression, she had stirred up the people and the aid societies to give "as with a big spoon") found Nashville full of worried agents and of sanitary stores that were needed down the road and spoiling for lack of transportation. Her pass from General Grant would take her to Chattanooga despite General Sherman's prohibition. Before starting her fertility of invention manifested itself in a characteristic act. Ambulances with mules in harness were being sent to various points against the day of need. No barrels were allowed in these ambulances, but all the bags that could be crowded in. Getting such help as she could muster they made bags that were filled with such articles as could be sent in them, as well as in barrels, and the ambulances went away packed with articles for the hospitals. Forty such left for Huntsville, Ala., thirty for Bridgeport, and several for other points. Then Mother Bickerdyke, despite remonstrance and opposition, took the next train for Chattanooga and made her unexpected debut at General Sherman's headquarters.

"Halloo! Why, how did you get down here?" asked one of the General's staff officers as he saw her enter Sherman's headquarters.

"Came down in the cars, of course. There's no other way of getting down here that I know of," replied the matter-of-fact woman. "I want to see General Sherman."

"He's in there writing," said the officer, pointing to an inner room, "but I guess he won't see you."

"I guess he will!" and she pushed into the apartment.

"Good morning, General! I want to speak to you a moment. May I come in?"

"I should think you had got in!" answered the General, barely looking up, in great annoyance. "What's up now?"

"Why, General," said the earnest matron, in a perfect torrent of words, "we can't stand this last order of yours, nohow. You'll have to change it, as sure as you live. We can get along without any more nurses and agents, but the supplies we *must* have. The sick and wounded men need them, and you'll have to give permission to bring them down. The fact is, General, after a man is unable to carry a gun and drops out of line, you don't trouble yourself about him, but turn him over to the hospitals, expecting the doctors and nurses to get him well and put him back into the service as soon as possible. But how are we going to make bricks without straw? Tell me that, if you can."

"Well, I'm busy today, and cannot attend to you. I'll see you some other time."

But though Sherman kept on writing, Mother Bickerdyke saw a smile lurking in the corner of his mouth and knew she would carry her point, so she persisted. "No, General, don't send me away until you've fixed this thing as it ought to be fixed. You had me assigned to your corps and told me that you expected me to look after the nursing of the men who needed it. But I should like to know how I can do this if I don't have anything to work with? Have some sense about it now, General."

There was a hearty laugh at this and a little badinage ensued, which Mrs. Bickerdyke ended in her brusque way with, "Well, I can't stand fooling here all day. Now, General, write an order for two cars a day to be sent down from the Sanitary Commission at Nashville and I'll be satisfied."

The order was written, and for weeks all the sanitary stores from Nashville to Chattanooga and the posts along the road were sent directly or indirectly through this mediation of Mother Bickerdyke. Think what this meant to the army there! Of the lives saved, the dear ones restored to their homes and families because of it, and thank God that Mother Bickerdyke had the courage to stand firm and demand that the right be done when such action was necessary. Is it to be wondered at that, to quote again from Mrs. Livermore, "In old New England homesteads, in the sunny valleys of California, or on the Western prairies, wherever the soldiers have made their homes, the name of Mother Bickerdyke will be spoken with reverential love until her 'boys' are mustered out and their tongues are silent in death." In no place will this be more true than here in Kansas, where so many homes are due to her untiring care and watchful love.

Some years after the close of the war Miss Mary A. Holland, herself an army nurse and at times a coworker with Mrs. Bickerdyke, published a book called

"Our Army Nurses," in which she gave the names and a more or less extended account of the work of a great many of that noble army of women who followed the soldiers from camp to camp, from battlefield to battlefield, doing everywhere all that could be done to alleviate the horrors of war. Speaking of these nurses in a private letter to Mrs. Bickerdyke, that it was my privilege to read, Miss Holland said: "We all did all we could, but you exceeded us all. Not one of us could come up to your bonnet strings." She devotes a number of pages of her book to Mrs. Bickerdyke and the work she did, and with the rest gives this description of the battle at Missionary Ridge in Mother Bickerdyke's own words: "The night before the battle was bright moonlight and all night long the troops marched to their position. In the morning they presented a solid wall of blue. Never were men more hopeful, and yet it looked so terrible, so appalling, that dangerous route up the rough and jagged mountainside. I was in the second story of the hotel. My duty was to receive the gifts from the soldiers to their friends if, to use their own expression, they 'bit the dust.' These gifts consisted of farewell letters, watches, money, and any little things they wanted to send 'home' if they never returned. The order to march was given between eleven and twelve o'clock. Amid the roar and din of shot and shell the commands of the officers, it was almost impossible to distinguish any particular sound. Yet General Osterhaus' thrilling commands could be heard with startling distinctness. It was his artillery that sent the first shell through General Bragg's headquarters. The men marched up that stony precipice so rapidly that even the officers were amazed. General Grant asked, "Who gave that command?" General Thomas replied, "They gave it themselves." In one short hour that desperate battle was fought and won. General Bragg was in full retreat and his army closely pursued. Was not the God of Battles there? The Stars and Stripes floated from one end of Missionary Ridge to the other, Seventeen hundred men were killed and wounded in the Fifteenth Army Corps alone."

As this was the corps that she regarded as belonging to her more than any other, each boy being her boy in a deep and tender sense, it is easy to conceive that her great heart was deeply wrung with anguish and pity.

Miss Holland tells us how, at Fort Donaldson, "many of the wounded of the Southern army, who had been deserted, were the recipients of her (Mother Bickerdyke's) care. As a mangled arm was being dressed for one of these men he felt instinctively the deep sympathy for his suffering, and said, 'That arm would not have done such service if I had known what sort of people I was fighting.' This must have been the thought of many a gray-clad hero who felt her tender ministry."

Continuing her story, Miss Holland says: "One night Mother Bickerdyke was making her usual round of the ward. The lights were turned down and many of the soldiers were sleeping, while here and there a restless sufferer counted the lagging seconds and longed for morning. Passing along she ministered to each one as the occasion demanded, until one asked, 'Are you not tired, Mother Bickerdyke?' Not for a moment did she think of claiming sympathy, but replied in her usual brisk way, 'What if I am? That is nothing. I am well and strong, and all I want is to see you so, too.' In a few moments more she was at her place by the table to assist the surgeon in an amputation, then received the patient into her own care. As she gave him a restorative he whispered, 'Take a message from me to my poor family. I shall surely die.' How her heart ached for him in his weakness and suffering! But there was no change in her calm, cheerful manner; no trembling of her hopeful voice, as she replied, 'Now, do not talk. You are going to take all your messages to them yourself, for I know you have a splendid chance to get well.'"

How many thus upborne by her brave heart, sustained by her courage when they were too weak and sick to have courage for themselves, rallied and went back to health and duty we shall never know, at least not in earth-life. For her—as one day for us—the records must be opened now and she must be learning ever more and more of the grand work she did, and how glad, how grateful she must be that all this was permitted unto her!

Recently a friend wrote to tell me of how the life of a dear soldier brother was saved through Mother Bickerdyke's care. She says: "I met her at Bunker Hill, at the celebration of her eightieth birthday, and tried to express our deep gratitude to her, but she stopped me with a "Hush, I only did my duty." Ah, but she gave a grand interpretation to that word duty and would have no undue praise for herself or for her work. The Persians have this proverb: "He wants no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought." Had Mother Bickerdyke been the most devout Catholic this had been her all sufficient "rosary."

I have read the story of many army nurses and feel a great pride and gladness in the work they did, but so far as I can learn, Mother Bickerdyke was the only one of them all who was never "mustered out" until Death gave her her discharge. Though she was no longer needed in camp and field, she never gave up her service for the soldiers, but continued in active work and in tender sympathy for them to the very end of her earthly way. Thousands of soldiers' orphans were placed by her in good homes; thousands of widows provided for, while no one knows the number of soldiers who received pensions and just recognition of service rendered through her unwearied efforts and resistless courage. Though the war with its horrible carnage ended, there was no surcease of labor for her. With her wonderful insight she saw the needs of the discharged soldiers; saw what the change from the strict discipline of army life to the freedom of the civilian must mean to them, and seeing this, she saw, too, how best to help in each case. She was a self-appointed—or was it a God-appointed—Moses to lead the great army of discharged men to new lands of promise and inspire them with hopes of homes and plenty there. The vision granted her she made real to others. It is no wonder the "old boys" bless her; no wonder they love her. I have her statement that in the years from 1861 to 1865 over two millions of dollars' worth of sanitary supplies passed through her hands and, she said, thousands and thousands of our brave soldiers were strengthened and saved by these supplies. We should have lost half our soldiers had it not been for the supplies sent by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. But of the amount of money, of time and energy she spent in the years that intervened between the close of the war and her call to the Higher Life there is no computing. She said to a young friend of ours when she was in great sorrow: "If the Lord shuts one door he opens another. He has a work for you to do yet." For her there was always an open door—always a work to do—and most nobly, most lovingly, did she do it.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

How They Look at It

We are glad to give below a further list of clippings from replies received in answer to the question: "Are you willing to speak a word in favor of the Congress of Religion?"

In some cases there is not especial interest in our work and a very few are distinctly opposed to it. For those who feel obliged to hold literally to the old mandate "be ye separate," and regard the law "be not unequally yoked with unbelievers" as adequate ground for refusing to coöperate for "religion and righteousness" with those who do not conform to a certain standard of Christian faith, the Congress of Religion can do little. The platform of the Congress is large enough for Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, to stand together, and we insist on welcoming "all seekers after God," no matter what their name or sign, to whole-hearted fellowship. If this is an "unholy alliance," as some of our brethren conscientiously assert, then we must pay the penalty, for we cannot insist that "every man must become a Jew in order to be a Christian."

Fortunately there is a great and increasing chorus of voices swelling the anthem of Christian Fellowship, which is attuned to the Keynote of our Brotherman: "By their fruits ye shall know them." In New England today there is a Federation of Churches accomplishing splendid work and including in its fellowship practically all the leading ministers of the great evangelical denominations, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc., and Unitarians and Universalists are gladly welcomed into that Federation. This seems to us quite in harmony with the teaching of One who said, "Other sheep I have not of this pasture," and "There shall be one flock and one shepherd." May it not be that the truer Christian is he who loves and serves his fellows, and that we still need to "beware the leaven of the Pharisees?"

C. A. O.

Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, Granville, Ill.—I think I can answer both of your questions in the affirmative, as far as I understand the purpose of the Congress. I think the great purpose ought to be to bring all denominations together.

A. F. Brown, Church Clerk, Batavia, Ill.—I am heartily in favor of concerted effort.

Rev. Edward H. Smith, Oshkosh, Wis.—I am interested in the good work and only regret that on account of many and onerous duties here I am unable to take an active part in your enterprise.

Rev. E. Ernestus Haring, Guersney, Wyo.—I am in favor of the Congress of Religion or any means of unifying Christian forces.

Rev. F. N. White, Chicago, Ill.—Surely I am willing to speak in commendation of the purpose and ideal of the Congress of Religion. I see no reason why there should not be such fellowship meetings as you suggest.

Rev. B. F. Martin, Galva, Ill.—I am glad to add a word of commendation to "The Congress of Religion." It gives evidence of meeting a large and imperative need for the present progress of Christ's kingdom. Its purpose is well grounded and its ideal Christ-like.

Rev. John W. Wilson, Lake Geneva, Wis.—I believe in the effort to continue the spirit of the Parliament of Religions and I heartily indorse the purpose of the Congress of Religion to find the common ground on which all religious forces may cooperate in a work of righteousness for the uplifting of mankind. All such efforts tend to broaden our thought and enlarge our sympathies and they help men of different faiths to realize their common brotherhood.

Rev. N. S. Bradley, Saginaw, Mich.—I would answer "Yes" to both of your questions. [Approve Congress and fellowship meetings.]

Rev. N. T. Blakeslee, Port Washington, Wis.—I approve and am in hearty sympathy with the spirit and purpose of the Congress of Religion and shall be glad of its successful progress.

Rev. J. J. Brokenshire, Chicago, Ill.—While the wider view in religious fellowship is needed, the *greater need*, in my judgment, is a stronger evangelism of the Christian faith and principles.

Rev. Charles A. Sanders, Royalton, Wis.—I am most heartily in sympathy with this movement for the furtherance of religious fellowship, and will give the work earnest support here.

Rev. L. E. Osgood, Lake Mills, Wis.—I can say "Yes" to both of your questions. I believe that as denominations know more of each other they will love each other better.

Rev. C. W. Stark, Sun Prairie, Wis.—I am certainly willing to speak a hearty word of commendation for the purpose and ideal of the Congress of Religion.

Rev. L. H. Keller, Milwaukee, Wis.—1. Yes. Shall do this [speak in favor of Congress] with pleasure always.

Rev. E. H. Eppens, Memphis, Mich.—In answer to your first question, "Yes."

Rev. B. J. H. Shaw, Amboy, Ill.—I am in sympathy with the purpose of the Congress of Religion.

Rev. E. Herbert, Woodlawn, Ill.—Of course I knew of the Parliament of Religions, but had no sympathy with it. I am heartily at one with anything that tends to unity, but that did not; nor can I see where your organization is likely to do so. I take a large number of papers and magazines and travel about the country a good deal, but this is the first time the "Congress" has been brought to my attention. If you can tell me anything which it has done, or aims to do, that will be or any practical benefit, and not mere gas, I am with you.

Rev. W. B. Millard, Geneseo, Ill.—While my sympathies are with every effort of high minded people to "get together," my own work and the demands of my field are such that I cannot at present enter actively into the movement.

Rev. Julius Marks, Darlington, Wis.—If you can unite oil and water possibly you can bring about the results you are looking for.

Rev. C. S. Patton, Ann Arbor, Mich.—I certainly am willing and glad to say a word in commendation of the purpose and ideal of the Congress of Religion.

Rev. W. H. North, Emington, Ill.—I am not familiar with the purpose or ideal of the Congress of Religion, but seeing some names identified with the movement should consider it worthy of commendation.

Rev. S. T. Kidder, Ripon, Wis.—In reply to your first question, I can say "Yes, certainly."

Rev. James R. Smith, Quincy, Ill.—I am in hearty sympathy with the purpose and ideal of the Congress of Religion.

Rev. Victor F. Brown, Platteville, Wis.—Certainly I believe in the idea and will be glad to further the kingdom by any word I may speak, either for the Congress or in a local way, through its coöperation.

Rev. Scott Carr, Tiskilwa, Ill.—In answer to your first question I can say "Yes."

Rev. John Lambrecht, Howard City, Mich.—I can answer "Yes" to your first question.

Rev. M. N. Clark, Caledonia, Ill.—In answer to your first question, I have and shall, as opportunity offers, commend the work of your society. I believe in it, as you know.

Rev. A. S. Newcomb, Osseo, Wis.—I am always ready to aid, as B. W. Arnett says on page 9 of your circular, in securing the coöperation of *Christian* men, but you include in your Congress many that are not Christians. W. H. Day, on page 8, says: "And so far as it in no way affects my personal loyalty to Christ"; but it certainly does affect that loyalty to hold membership in the Congress, for we are required to be "not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and the questions that follow there (2 Cor. 6:14-18) make it very clear why we cannot.

Rev. Sidney Strong, Seattle, Wash.—The Lord be with you in your work of uniting Christians through the Spirit. Some day we shall see that the real basis of unity is the love-life of God as revealed in Christ.

Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, Roscoe, Ill.—I shall still aim to cooperate with the Congress of Religion in its plans and efforts to combine well minded people to lead on and out in whatever will further men's individual and social upbuilding into God's kingdom.

Rev. Edward J. Ridings, La Salle, Ill.—I certainly am in sympathy with the purpose of the Congress and gladly would say a direct word for it.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The President's Message.

The President's message to Congress, which was read December 6, was very far from being the long, prosy affair that many years have accustomed us to expect. It is long indeed, for the President has the gift of continuance, but it is very far from prosy. It is addressed quite as much to the nation as to Congress, and is much more like a stump speech or a political sermon from a popular and perhaps somewhat sensational preacher than like a grave state paper. But the preaching is needed, Congress does continually need to have set before it the demands of honor and decency, the welfare of the nation higher as well as lower, and to be forced to consider these as of nearly equal importance with the question who is to be postmaster at Jericho Cross Roads or whether some district is to have $10,000 more appropriations for public buildings than the one that adjoins it. The main feature of the message, the Japanese question, must be reserved to a paragraph by itself. The other matters treated of, while numerous, may be mostly summed up under two heads—capital and labor, and the race question. His recommendations as to income and inheritance tax, appeal in criminal cases, abuse of injunction, prevention of child labor, etc., etc., are all highly important and well worth reading, but have nothing novel in them, even as expositions of his own thought and so cannot be further outlined here, beyond saying that his policy is neither the old *laissez-faire* individualism which thinks there is no need for change, nor is it socialism which wants a universal revolution and public ownership of all means of production, but that middle ground of private ownership, subject to accountability and public control for which we as yet lack a name , but to which the great mass of the people, with minor variations, are gradually settling down.

The Japanese Imbroglio.

The President's message on the Japanese question is a perfervid defense of the Japanese and denunciation of the few who, in one or two places here and there, would prevent their enjoyment of their treaty rights in this country with a recommendation that the Japanese be permitted to become naturalized and that the national government be granted further power to enforce its treaties. "It is unthinkable," he says, "that we should continue a policy under which a given locality may be allowed to commit a crime against a friendly nation, and the United States government limited, not to preventing the commission of the crime, but in the last resort, to defending the people who have committed it against the consequences of their own wrong-doing." All this is perfectly true as has been recognized for a long time by those who have considered the humiliating position of helplessness in which our government has been placed by such events as the Mafia riots in New Orleans or the Chinese riots in Wyoming and other western states. But the President also declares that "To shut them [the Japanese] out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity," and it is by no means clear that he is right or even if right is not going beyond his sphere in making such a statement. At any rate, most Californians so regard the President's declaration and are furious concerning it. So far as the writer is aware there has never been any attempt to exclude the Japanese from public school instruction in California, but only to exclude them from white schools and put them in schools of their own race. Against this the Japanese have complained and it is to this, of course, that the President refers. But it is by no means clear that this is either "wicked" or "absurd," or in any way in conflict with our treaty with Japan. The race hatred which actuates many Californians may be both wicked and absurd, but the President's impetuous declaration has served rather to fan the flame than to smother it. For the most successful and popular politician of his generation, if not in all our history, he has a marvelous capacity for treading on people's corns. People stand it because even his harshest sayings make them feel how honest he is.

France and the Pope.

Once more the Roman Catholic Church has reason to regret that it has not a more finished diplomat for its head. That Pius X. is indeed true to his name need not be doubted, but it seems to be clear also that he is what we should call pig-headed. Because he feels injured by the action of the French government he is apparently determined to make all adjustments with it as hard as possible, no matter whether those adjustments involve any matter of faith or not. Thus he has just forbidden the French clergy not only to accept the new law requiring church property to be put into the hands of associations for worship, and which he held to infringe on the rights of the faith; but he even refuses to allow priests to submit to the old law of 1881, under which the French government had proposed an adjustment, a law to which the priesthood has submitted hitherto without apparent offense to any one. Apparently the Pope is determined to have a fight with the French government and has stepped out beyond the limits of his spiritual authority in order to do so. He thus puts himself clearly in the wrong, when a wrong move is of vast importance. The French priests are required to remain in their churches until removed by force, or at least by show of force. In the conflict which now seems inevitable the results may be unhappy for France, but they can hardly be less than disastrous for the Roman Catholic Church. After all, infallibility has its disadvantages, if the man who assumes it has a good deal of human nature in him.

Mr. Storer's Attack on the President.

Mr. Bellamy Storer, who was recalled by cablegram last March from his position as ambassador at Vienna, has brought himself into unpleasant prominence by his defense of his conduct, which he has sent to the President, to the members of the cabinet and to certain senators and representatives. By some illegitimate means a copy of this highly confidential document came into the hands of a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune,* was published by that paper, and copied from it by the Associated Press. It was undoubtedly a great "scoop," but whether it reflects credit on the paper or not depends on whether or not a newspaper is supposed to have any patriotism of the kind that shows itself not only in its editorial columns, but in the conduct of its daily business. Mr. Storer's statement is highly interesting reading, especially a number of the President's private letters which are printed, but so far as the general result is concerned the document really reaches no different conclusion than the report which was given out at the time of the dismissal. Any fair-minded reader who will keep in mind the distinction between what the President said and wrote and what Mr. and Mrs. Storer inferred, will see that the difficulty was due to Mr. and especially Mrs. Storer's determination to secure a cardinal's hat for Archbishop Ireland and to use their official position and, if possible, to force the President to use his to that end. Both these things the President persistently and consistently refused to allow, and at last, after patience had long ceased to be a virtue, peremptorily removed the ambassador, who had previously been his intimate friend. The President's reply clears up one or two doubtful points on which Mr. Storer has specially relied. In particular the claim that President McKinley had authorized Bishop O'Gorman to ask the Pope for the appointment of Archbishop Ireland is conclusively disproved by Secretary Cortelyou. One mistake the President must be conceded to have made—he himself will admit it—viz., when he wrote to Mrs. Storer that her husband "would make a corking good ambassador."

Municipal Courts vs. Justice Shops.

The difference between a "justice shop" and a real court has been vividly illustrated in Chicago during the past two weeks. In the "red-light" district a change for which reformers have been working for ten years or more has been suddenly brought about by the simple policy of enforcing the law. Offenders have been fined something more than the costs of the court and the "respectable" men who furnish the capital for the maintenance of these houses of ill-fame, but who do not want their names brought before the public in connection with them, have been heavily fined along with the others. The problem as to what is to be done with regard to vice is a hard one, but an earnest and simple effort to enforce obviously righteous laws equally toward rich and poor will go a long way toward solving it.

Simplified Spelling at Washington.

The desire to get even "springs eternal in the human breast." Congress has had to do the President's will more than once when it didn't want to, and now it thinks it can turn the tables and humiliate the President, and it thinks it great fun. The whole matter lies in a little clause in one of the appropriation bills providing that the government printing office shall follow the spelling of "Webster and other generally accepted dictionaries of the English language." This clause has been inserted by the committee in the bill, and is likely to be retained there. Of course the President can hardly veto an appropriation bill on account of such a clause; for, however important the cause of spelling reform is, it is not the main business of the President and he must give way if the clause is retained. His efforts, even if thus cut short, have not been in vain, and more authority can be founded in "generally accepted dictionaries" than perhaps the committee supposed.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—On the ground of social welfare there is much to be said for a national church, without fixed creed, committed solely to social service and the reality of the spiritual life.

MON.—We shall never be a civilized or a moral people until we show compassion and practical consideration for the weak of all classes, and are willing only to lay upon those who can bear them the burden and heat of the industrial day.

TUES.—We are forced to believe that all occupations in which profit is the sole, or even the major end, are immoral.

WED.—Every young man, standing on the threshold of his industrial life, can materially further the cause of morality if he resolutely declines all mere profit-making adventures and resolutely demands of his occupation that it shall be worth while in and for itself.

THURS.—It is fatally easy to go on doing what we happen to be doing.

FRI.—A belief which is not incorporated into life, into conduct, is either insincere, or else it lacks significance, a mere cobweb, a will-o'-the-wisp, a speculation without dignity or worth.

SAT.—There are as many religions as there are human hearts beating; and if these religions, all are great that manifest sincerity and progress.

—*From the Children of Good Fortune, by C. Hanford Henderson.*

Shoe or Stocking

In Holland children set their shoes,
This night outside the door;
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.

But here we hang our stockings up
On handy hook or nail;
And Santa Claus, when all is still,
Will plump them without fail.

Speak out, you Sobersides, speak out,
And let us hear your views;
Between a stocking and a shoe
What do you see to choose?

One instant pauses Sobersides,
A little sigh to fetch—
"Well, seems to me a stocking's best,
For wooden shoes won't stretch!"

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

School Boys' Lessons of Long Ago

One, two, three, four, perhaps five, thousand years ago, the school boys in Bismya, a town of ancient Babylon, wrote their lessons for the day, and possibly passed them in to the teacher just as boys and girls do now. You notice, I say boys, for the girls of that far away time were not allowed to learn to read and write.

Having turned in their work, the boys probably went home to play, or perhaps trooped off to see the King go by with his brilliantly decorated horses, his chariot of gold and his scores of servants, never thinking that the lessons would be handled by learned professors five or six thousand years later. The lessons were written on round tables of clay with a sharp style. Queer looking, wedge-shaped characters they were, each group standing for a word, just as a group of Chinese marks does.

These tablets, along with a number of other curious specimens of writing, have been unearthed from the ruins of Bismya by an expedition from the University of Chicago. Among the other curious tablets found are several letters. Some of these have their envelopes still on them. When a Babylonian of that early day wished to write to a friend on business or pleasure, he procured a piece of soft clay, molded it into the proper shape and cut the wedge-shaped letters on it. The message finished, a thin coating of clay was wrapped about it, serving as an envelope to protect the writing, or to conceal it from the eyes of the curious. The envelope was then stamped with the seal of the writer, or sometimes engraved with a few words, and with the letter was placed in the sun to dry, or was baked in a furnace. When thoroughly dried it was ready for delivery. The receiver of a letter carefully knocked off the thin, clay envelope and read the writing. The letter in our illustration was never opened. Part of the envelope has been broken off, revealing the writing on the tablet beneath.

The Babylonians first wrote by drawing pictures of the objects that were in their minds. This was before they used clay to write on, archæologists say. They have learned this because the earliest inscriptions are found on stone and are not composed of wedges but of straight lines. When they began to use clay, their writing turned into groups of wedges. Why? Because it was difficult to draw an even, straight line upon the clay. The edge of the style which first touched the clay sank deeper, leaving a wedge-shaped impression. The wedge thus rose; and as clay was almost the only material employed by writers, the old straight-line form of writing was forgotten and the wedges were used on stone as well as clay.—*The Little Chronicle.*

Suggestions for Christmas Reading

The First Christmas, Lew Wallace; The Birds' Christmas Carol, Kate Douglas Wiggin; Christmas Carol, Dickens; Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, Irving; The First Christmas Tree, in Henry Van Dyke's "The Blue Flower"; The Story of the Other Wise Man, Henry Van Dyke; Duke's Christmas, Ruth McEnery Stuart; The Coming of the Prince, Eugene Field, in "A Little Book of Profitable Tales"; Christmas in the Tenements and Nisbey's Christmas, Jacob A. Riis; Christmas Bells and The Three Kings, Longfellow; "Louise" (Christmas in Germany), Jane Andrews in "Seven Little Sisters"; "Hans Brinker" (Christmas in Holland), Mary Mapes Dodge; The Fir Tree, Hans Christian Andersen; Ring Out, Ring In, Tennyson; End of the Play, Thackeray; Under the Holly Bough, Mackay; Santa Claus and the Mouse, Emilie Poulsson.—*The Little Chronicle.*

Well, my friend, thou art just entering the last month of another year. If thou art a man of business and of prudent care, be like thou wilt now, settle thy accounts to satisfy thyself whether thou has gained or lost in the year past, and how much of either, the better to regulate thy future industry or thy common expenses. This is commendable. But it is not all. Wilt thou not examine also thy *moral* accounts, and see what improvements thou hast made in the conduct of life, what vice subdued, what virtue acquired; how much *better*, and how much wiser, as well as how much richer thou art grown? What shall it *profit* a man if he *gain* the whole world, but *lose* his own soul? Without some care in this matter, though thou may'st come to count thy thousands, thou wilt possibly still appear poor in the eyes of the discerning, even *here*, and be really so forever *hereafter*.—*Poor Richard's Almanack.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SOUTHERN MERRY CHRISTMAS.—The Christmas shopping season is on; the time of making out lists of those to whom remembrances should be sent, of planning and studying as to what shall be given to each one, of keeping brain and fingers busy and straining one's pocketbook to be sure and forget no one who is likely to remember us. Who is there who if he —and still more she—were to think the thing through, might not cut off some perfunctory or conventional present giving and substitute therefor the greater satisfaction of a gift that would be a permanent blessing, a real contribution to the progress and welfare of society?

The Boer Home Industries and Aid Society has recently issued the third edition of its report, made up of the most interesting extracts from Miss Hobhouse's latest letters. In this I find the following very pertinent and suggestive table for those who at this Christmas season would like to seek the larger blessing hinted at above:

"Belfast, Lichtenburg and Potchefstroom are all asking for teachers, besides Pretoria; and several Orange River Colony villages want to begin. It seems I *must* spend the available money now on training girls, and must appeal for help to train them.

"Ten pounds sterling subscribers could:

"(a) Support a spinning teacher for two months in a district, to teach spinning only; board and lodging being provided by said district;

"(b) Or land a blanket loom from Sweden;

"(c) Or land four Norwegian wheels;

"(d) Or purchase two bales of wool for the school.

"Twenty-five pounds sterling would keep a spinning teacher for six months in a far-off place, like Lichtenburg, which is too far for only two months; or it would buy a proper outfit of looms, etc., for a girl going back to (*e. g.*) Schweizer, Reneke or Middelburg, now ready to begin, but without a plant.

"Fifty pounds sterling would give six months training to two new girls, or to two of the old ones, who long to return after establishing spinning, and learn more.

"Fifty pounds sterling would cover the new order for looms now sent to Sweden.

"One pound sterling would present eight pairs of carders to a district, or about six tenterhooks, or eight shuttles, or five reeds."

The report closes with the following extract dated:

"JOHANNESBURG, Aug. 19, 1906.

"I am arranging that each trained girl at Langlaagte shall select and test her set of wheels, 12 to 20, as the case may be, pack and dispatch them to the various districts; 20 to go to Ermelo, 15 to Middleburg district, 10 to Rustenburg, 15 to Winburg, 15 to Schweizer Reneke, 10 to Pietersburg, where they are soon going to begin their work.

"S. B—— has begun work at Potchefstroom, where she took 15 or 20 wheels with her, mostly Swiss, and one or two German, and one Norwegian. The clergyman writes she has made a good beginning. Koetie Lourens has returned to Middleburg with 15 wheels. S. V—— also departed to Heidelburg with her 12, and 6 more are at Heilbron.

"Thus it will be seen that we are pushing into the country, and next year will be a very interesting one, needing an itinerant teacher to visit these branches, and keep the country workers in touch with the higher standard of the Central School."

So in spite of manifold obstacles and constant anxiety as to ways and means, due to prolonged uncertainty as to financial support, the beautiful work goes on, demonstrating at every stage of its development the remarkable far-sightedness of the slight little woman who planned and has directed it. A check will be sent from Chicago friends about New Year. Let us make the amount as large as possible, bearing the above statement of amounts and possibilities in mind, as evidence that even the smallest contribution will be of real value. Any offering sent to the undersigned will be duly forwarded and promptly acknowledged in UNITY. MARY E. HAWLEY.

The John Crerar Library, Chicago, Ill.

The Field

People's Church, Aurora, Ill.—"In the interest of rational religion and social service we unite for the promotion of truth, righteousness and brotherhood in the world." This is the bond of union recently adopted by the People's Church of Aurora, which is showing evidence of new life on every side since the Rev. Mr. Spence, recently of Green Bay, Wis., has taken up the work. The reconstructed constitution of the church declares that it will coöperate in its fellowship with the Congress of Religion, the Ethical Culture Society, the Unitarian and kindred movements. A successful series of fellowship meetings is being held. Rev. Mr. Backus, Mr. Mangasarian and Jenkin Lloyd Jones have been among recent speakers.

Christmas in the German Emperor's Family

Emperor William, of Germany, is generally depicted as one of the most disdignified of monarchs, a man whose sense of his own dignity is sometimes almost ridiculously exaggerated. Wolf von Schierbrand, in the December *Lippincott's Magazine*, contributes a few sidelights on this weakness of the Kaiser. He admits that there are often grounds for the popular belief in Emperor William's pride in himself, and adds: "But to see the Kaiser at Christmas is to see a man who has shed all these pretensions of a demigod; one who has stepped down from his pedestal to become a good, plain burgher, overflowing with the milk of human kindness." He then gives some few pictures of the Emperor at this season of the year:

"Every Christmas Eve, when early dusk gathers in a northern clime, wrapped in an ample cape mantle, wholly unattended and not easily recognizable, it is his custom to stroll through his park around the Neues Palais, where the boughs are laden with feathery snow, and then through Potsdam. His pockets are full of gold and silver pieces, and like another Santa Claus he distributes his bounty to the children and humbler folk he meets. Nobody is overlooked—the men at the sentry boxes; the park laborers and the white-haired gardeners in Sans-Souci; the crippled veteran and the sturdy beggar—each and every one receives his dole.

"Often he pays at Christmas debts of courtesy incurred during the year. To Baron von Lyncker, his marshal of the household, he sent a magnificent present (worth about $10,000), a chest of solid silver plate, in recognition of the extra and rather vexatious labors that official had had to perform during the year 1900, the year when the Crown Prince attained his majority. To Dr. von Leuthold, his body physician, he handed a fine gold repeater, set in precious stones and bearing the motto '*Suaviter in modo, fortier in re.*' This had reference to a past difference of opinion between the doctor and his imperial patient."

In the royal household the Christmas festivities are conducted on an laborate scale, and yet, we are told, in the same spirit which makes the day dear to the heart of all the German people. Of the manner of distributing the gifts we read:

"The Bescheerung (as the distribution of gifts under the spreading Christmas tree is called in Germany) is divided into

two parts. First comes the one of the members of the imperial household from the meanest kitchen scullion upward, and this takes place in a large gallery of the Neues Palais. Hundreds of small tables are placed there, each covered——— hundreds of other glittering baubles. Each and every one of the servants, higher and lower officials is spoken to personally by Kaiser and Kaiserin and the meritorious old servitors are slapped on the shoulder and greeted with a few kindly phrases. The bowing and scraping hand-kissing and formal expressions of thanks having at last come to a close the second part of the Bescheerung takes place.

That is the one exclusively for the imperial family themselves. It always takes place in the Muschelsaal—that immense hall in the Neues Palais the decoration of which is in mother-of-pearl and beautiful sea-shells and clusters of coral of every kind.

"For this evening the hall is bordered on each side by evergreens, holly and mistletoe, forming two graceful hedges wherein dark green is enlivened by scarlet berries, making a fine effect. A beautiful little structure representative of the Manger, showing the Christ-child, the Virgin Mother, and the shepherd kings in adoration, is set up in a corner of the hall. This is always the special task of the Kaiser himself.

"There is a medium sized tree for the Kaiser and Kaiserin, and a small one for each of their children—all in a row, with a prethora of gifts beneath. For days previous the Muschelsaal has been forbidden ground for the children, even for the darling of the family, Princess Victoria Louise, now a tall, slender girl of thirteen. They, the brothers and sister, have been playing hide-and-seek with their own gifts (all purchased out of their by no means extravagant allowance of pocket money), and now the happy moment has arrived to bring them out. . . .

"When the Bescheerung is in full blast, everywhere are heard cries of 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' Delight, surprise and gratitude on all sides. Mother and father smothered under a shower of kisses."

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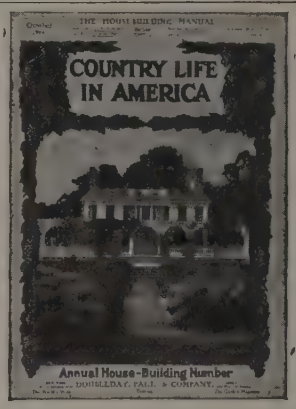
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.

The Protestant Theological Faculty of the University of Paris has lost its financial support through the recent separation of Church and State in France. Dr. Ehrhardt, Professor of Ethics, desires to receive a few gentlemen or boys into his family study with his sons. For terms, etc., address: Prof. Eugène Ehrhardt, Avenue de Maine 26, Paris 165, France. Reference: Prof. W. Rauschenbusch, Rochester Theol. Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.



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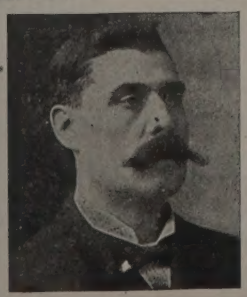

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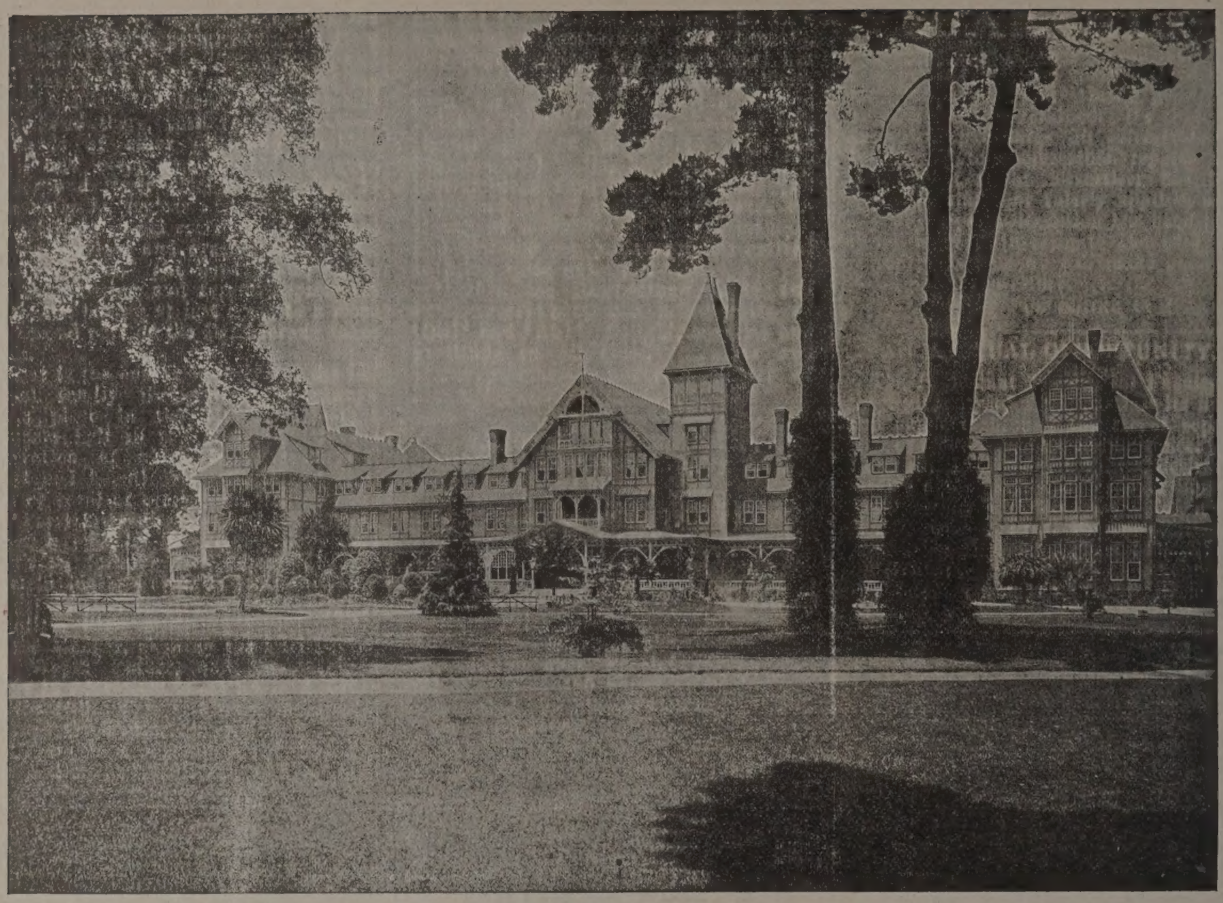

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